

Fire And Brimstone

DJ Quik

I don't give a fuck about you, you, her, him
That bitch, that nigga, ya'll, them
Pussy clot laws dripping out ya'll trim
'Bout to fill ya cup up to the rim with brimstone
Fuck yo Grammy
Stick the bell part up ya ass call ya mammy
I don't need ya love muthafucka god damn he
Critics wanna slam me
Put me in a jam till I come back with the jammy
Blaow, knock your whole car window out till ya eyes white out bitch l
ights out
Got you dead on arrival at your service on Saturday your whole family
carry bibles
Got the whole building nervous, they turn around see me walk up in th
e service
I wrote your eulogy on toilet paper, right out in the rain,
Niggas got nerve, well I'm your novacane

This is fire and brimstone uh,
Kill you with fire and brimstone uh

I'm a Mercedes man, a late 80's man
I guess you could call me the perennial ladies man
Got some really rich friends and they all really like me cause I real
ly pitch trims
Sometimes when I'm bored I kick it with dumb folk
They all really hate me like rotting egg yolks
I love to rub it in because I'm not a proper fit for your world of bu
llshit
You miserable mutt minds flawed by design
You'll never have the temperament to experiment with the benevolent
You're irrelevant, it should be your job to shovel shit
You need to cultivate and develop it
Get in the manure business and sell of it, good luck trick
I'm a precious stone, wrapped in parchment paper
Round brilliant cut shootin' ?
A dignitary, you're a lowly begger
Why don't you pull your plug you stupid nigga

If you're steering wheel is not wrapped in wood then you don't have t
he touch
So you will never feel it 'cause you denigrate too much
Who are you to judge, who are you to critique, who are you to falsify
my presence
I am unique so you can keep your \$20 you ain't gotta buy my cd muthaf
ucka not a problem
That's why I'm a recluse, not the one you set loose
Muthafuckas in this game use my name to get juice
Say it, david blake, a maven, amazing
B-b-brighter than the forest when it's blazing
Asteroid, past the void, keep it pushing, that a boy
Gotta get it hotter than oven cooking, that's a joy

For these last four bars I take it easy
But you still a muthafucka and your cheesy
Don't trust your memory
Write down what you feel about me
If yo head ain't rocking back and and forth then doubt me